Subject: Chat with Caleb Pritchard
From: Caleb Pritchard <cpritchard2001@gmail.com>
To: barriticus@gmail.com

me: do you come up with story ideas for that affiliate?
Caleb: Story ideas?
Caleb: No.
Caleb: Not yet, at leat.
Caleb: least.
Caleb: I'm kind of dreading the day that I'll have to.
me: why?
me: you could turn it into a better station and get awards and whatnot
me: do you have the chance to do so now?
me: anyway, I'm definitely coming down
me: will fly into Dallas in about two weeks
me: will come to Tyler from there
me: stay with you for about two or three weeks
me: then go back to Dallas to go hunting and see the rents and Kim and whatnot
Caleb: It's gonna be one crazy summer.
me: !!!
me: also, in the evenings, I can be your military advisor
me: and you can be my real life conspiracy/power grab advisor
Caleb: Hurrah.
me: cause seriously, we got some shit cooking
me: we're going after grant money now
me: got niggas on that shit
me: I'll buy groceries and beer
me: AND I WILL CLEAN FOR YOU
me: AND YOU'LL GIVE UP ARCHITECTURE
me: ...
me: NO, DOMINIQUE
me: HOWARD THEY WILL DESTROY YOU
me: Why don't you tell me right here, with no one around... why don't you tell me what you think of me?
me: BUT I DON'T THINK OF YOU
Caleb: Did you download that or was it streaming somewhere?
me: what?
Caleb: _Fountainhead_.
me: nope
me: just crossed my mind
Caleb: Yeah, I know.

Caleb: Dummy.
Caleb: But when you last possessed it.
Caleb: On Park Street.
Caleb: On your desktop.
Caleb: Was that a bittorrent?
me: downloaded
me: pirate bay, yep
Caleb: Sounds pretty faggy.
me: give that mediafire thing a shot if you haven't already
Caleb: Right, right.
me: almost always faster
Caleb: Tell me the two-step again.
Caleb: Oh.
Caleb: Never mind.
me: yeah, archive, dummy
Caleb: I can't google anything.
Caleb: Virus.
me: right
me: I've been talking to the guy who made Dwarf Fortress
me: which will not interest you at all
me: speaking of which, did you see my article about pretend-raping an Asian chick?
me: for ol' New York Press
me: ?
Caleb: I sure did!
me: got another piece green-lighted
Caleb: It was like history written in lightning!
me: going to do it about Tracy O'Neil
me: what's that quote from?
Caleb: Woodrow Wilson's reaction to _Birth of a Nation_.
me: ah, yes
me: lol
me: fucking Wilson
me: wasting a good quote on his own faggotry and anti-negro sentiment
me: I like how his degree of racism isn't even excusable in the context of the times
Caleb: Or his professional background.
Caleb: Dean of Princeton.
me: god I hate that faggot
me: remember when the statue at UT was vandalized?
me: perhaps accidentally by people going for Jefferson Davis
Caleb: So there's a UT dorm that's apparently named after the guy who founded the Florida branch of the KKK.
Caleb: They gave it the name just weeks after Brown v. Board of Education.

me: I see
me: are they ever going to do anything about any of that?
me: seems there are plenty of liberals around who enjoy activating
me: which is the verb, I have decided, of activist
Caleb: Seems they've assembled an panel to investigate the possibility of renaming it.
Caleb: *a panel.
Caleb: "Simkins, who was a Confederate colonel during the war, said in a Thanksgiving Day speech on campus in 1914 and in an article two years later in the Alcalde, the alumni magazine, that he never drew blood as a Klansman. He admitted assaulting a black man, participating in a train robbery and sowing fear in Florida's "black belt" as a masked night rider.

'The immediate effect upon the Negro was wonderful, the flitting to and fro of masked horses and faces struck terror to the race,' Simkins wrote"
Caleb: "When a white woman in Florida complained of being insulted by a black man, Simkins wrote, 'I seized a barrel stave lying near the hotel door and whipped that darkey down the street.'"
Caleb: "Simkins was 'not ashamed to confess my share' in the train robbery, which involved a consignment of arms and ammunition escorted by federal troops and intended for a black militia in Florida."
Caleb: He was a UT Law professor for 30 years.
me: lo fucking l